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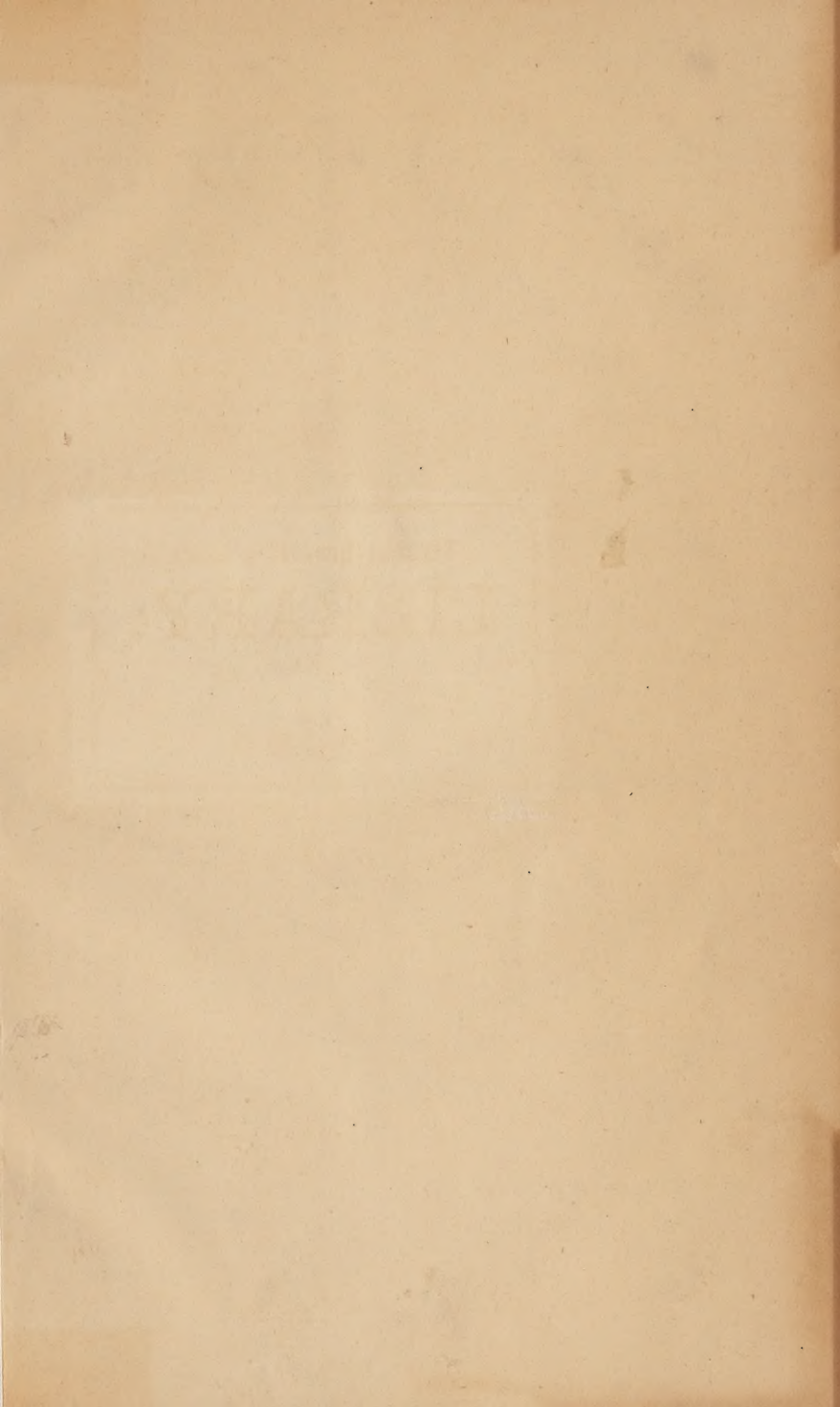
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WILMINGTON IN HEALTH AND DISEASE

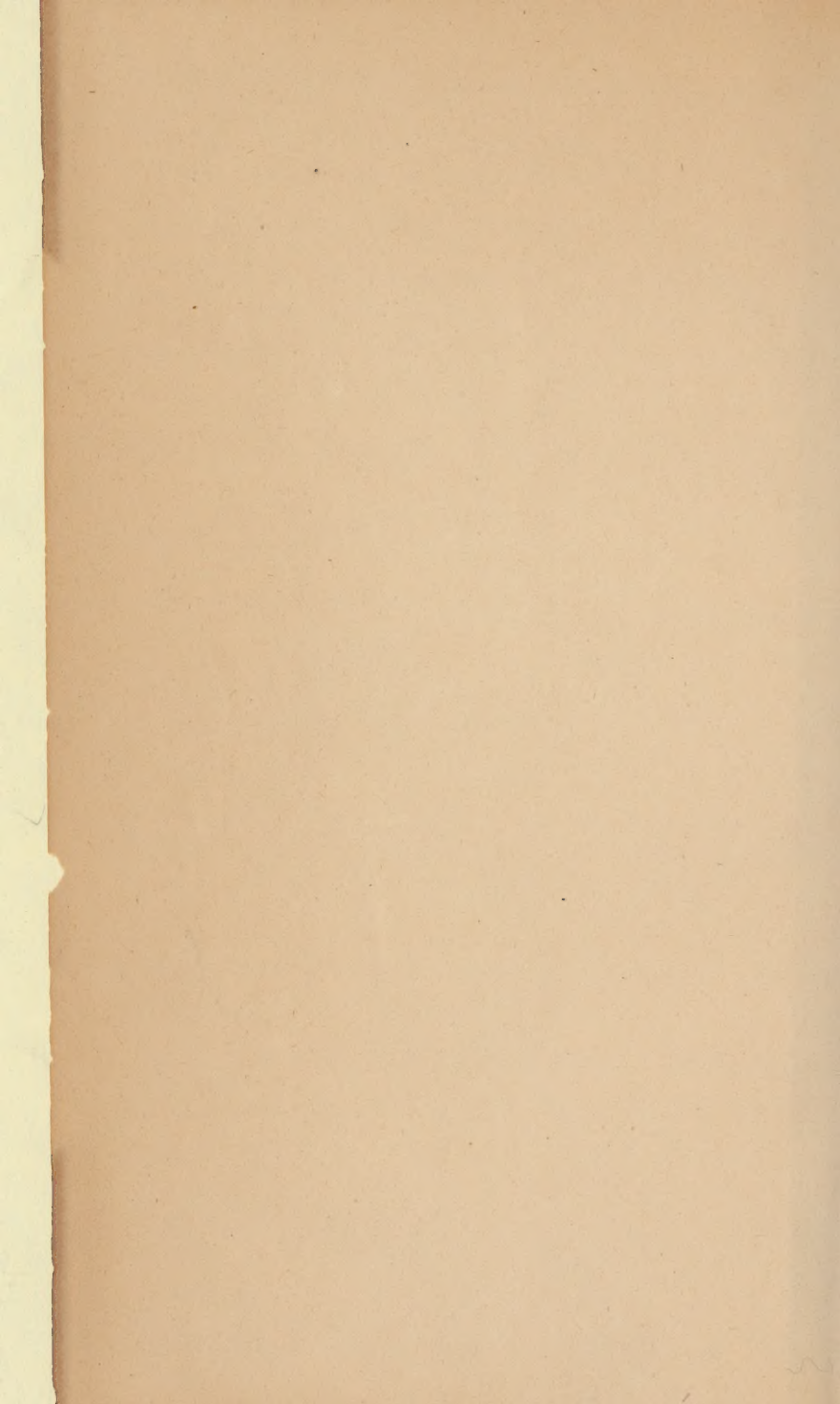
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WILMINGTON

IN

HEALTH AND DISEASE,

BY

J. B. PURCELL, M. D.

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INTRODUCTION.

It is our purpose to give a sketch of the city, in health and disease, in answer to a question which has been frequently asked : "Is Wilmington Unhealthy?" Nothing will be ventured in this article ; nothing imaginary will give color to its pages, and nothing unseemly will disfigure them. To the old citizens the subject may possibly bear the face of age and crudity, but to the new—those strangers who are now seeking homes on the banks of the historic, liberty-loving Cape Fear—it will be, perhaps, to some degree interesting. Our description will be based on some facts, but, for the greater part on tradition. It is the register, the chronicler of time. It speaks the truth when history is silent, and communicates what the historian neglects. It is the genial spring which trickles through the meads of ages, and dances, and sparkles with holy thoughts transmitted from sire to son. It is refreshing, for it ever breathes something pure, and

"Its overpowering presence makes you feel
It would not be idolatry to kneel."

When it flows from sources venerable and intelligent, it must not be filled with forgetfulness.

A brief outline of the city's physical geography and also its nosography, or its geographical relation to endemics and epidemics will not, we hope, be considered at variance with the theme ; nor will a short exposition of the supposed cause of malaria.

To the medical gentleman and scholar, nothing is promised. He must read, and judge, and draw his own conclusions.

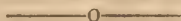
By way of illustration—a Sound Party, an Excursion to Baldhead, &c., have been introduced. "Land Drainage, and Town Sewerage" has been written with a view of exciting inquiry into the feasibility of making drains, and thereby enhancing the value of estates, and increasing the salubrity of the soil, particularly in the immediate vicinity of the city. The chapter on the *Future Prospects of Wilmington* is intended

merely to indicate that in all business transactions, a bitter partisanship ought not to be entertained. Prejudice chills the soul, feeds animosity, poisons the current of existence, and makes life a crumpled thing to be spat upon. Friendly intercourse throws around all a bloom of its own rosy nature, and fills the soul with healthful feelings, makes rough burly passion keep still, and tranquility rise in beauteous majesty. In doing this, not one *iota* of our *sentiments* need be cast away.

Speaking of the city, it will not be amiss to append the rather humorous piece entitled, "The Hills of Wilmington." Indeed, this has been suggested, and we doubt not its perusal will spring from a similar vein in which it has been written.

DR. PURCELL.

WILMINGTON IN HEALTH AND DISEASE.



CHAPTER I.

PHYSICAL AND MEDICAL GEOGRAPHY.—CAUSATION OF MALARIA.

Glancing at a map of North Carolina, it will be noticed that Wilmington is in the county of New Hanover; that this county has for its boundaries the counties of Duplin on the North, and Onslow on the East. The Atlantic laves its shores on the south, while those of the west are bathed by that river, on the east bank of which the city is situated. The surface of the country is level, is sandy, is multisectioned with streams and rivulets, and matted creeping plants, some tiny, and wrapping in love's embrace the low thick shrubbery, while more formidable ones stretch from limb to limb, from bases to apices of trees, and hang down in folded festoons. The grey moss adds solemnity to the scene,—a sombre hue of august nature. The sensitive mimosas as beautiful as any blooming in the llanos of the Orinoco, or skirting its many rivers, peep out from the dense foliage, and the dew drop bespangled, white cup flowered lichen spreads forth a carpet of velvet green every spring. Hither and thither terraces intervene. The yellow jessamine, vivified by the warmth of the sun creeps stealthily along from bush to briar, crosses the little hills and valleys, and makes the whole vista seem golden. The whole surface is shaded by piney forests, whose aroma is anything but displeasing.

To those approaching by water, Wilmington appears to be rising from a plain of salt marsh. This is not so. It is built on hills, not very high, it is true, running in a crescent form from the river, south, south-east, around by the North

to the river west. The soil is sandy, and the subsoil is said to be clayey with an infra stratum of limestone. A stunted growth of low bushes on the outskirts, and in purlieus wherever houses are far apart, and here and there a lonely pitch pine, or groups of the same, add somewhat of a grotesque beauty to the whole. The back ground is densely wooded with the *pinus palustris*, which yields a rich, popular, and a commercial commodity to this section of the State. Beyond the northwest branch of the Cape Fear, adjacent to the city, looming hazily in the distance, is Eagle's Island, notorious for the deadly miasm arising during the autumnal months. Within the city limits are bodies of water, natural or formed. Streams eke their way to the river, but the dead pools and ponds of some surface do not find so easy an exit. This is the case when much rain has fallen. Owing to the heavy and frequent showers of this past summer, their impurities have been kept down and neutralized.

The streets are protected from the meridian heat by many fine trees, throwing their protecting shade over the sidewalks. The city is in latitude 34:1; and in longitude 77:56. From this fact is learned that Aitken's line of Nosography runs latitudinally north of this, but not enough to free it from sweeping epidemics of the tropics—the typhus fever—and that fell fiend which is now depopulating the cities of the gulf. Intermittent fever, remittent, and dysentery are included. Anybody who will take the trouble to look at the medical geography of the author already referred to, will perceive that 80 deg. long. and 36 deg. lat. pass through this particular point, to the best of our computation. His line chiefly indicates typhoid fever, malarious fevers and cholera. He says, in his lucid and able work on the "Science and Practice of Medicine:"—"In short, *physical climate*, generally and properly so called, combined with the habits of the people, their attention to personal hygiene and general sanitary arrangements, all concur to stamp the diseases of certain countries with a special character, and facilitate or retard their propagation." This language is explanatory, and from which we deduce that the disease of this locality

will appear in any other, provided it has the same or similar atmospheric changes. It is a matter of no moment, whether a malady raging amongst us does also rage in another section of the globe, corresponding to ours in latitude and longitude. It is for us to know, find out, the evil present and prospective, and act accordingly to effect its eradication forever from our midst. It is bad policy, and improvident legislation, to hold a fancied security, to bask in the smiles of a fickle Hebe, while the next gale from the northwest may bring on its wings death and desolation. What we most dread is the miasmatic waves of malarial poison which roll billow after billow from the swamps and the rice fields in the surrounding region.

As to the causation of malaria, every medical writer down from the days of Hyppocrates to the present, is at variance. Some believe this; some that. We candidly confess that from a thorough reading of this *vexata res* they are all right, and all wrong. This: *Nihil potest esse simul et non esse*, sounds very strangely. That is, two things do exist and do not at the same time. What is this moment established is the next broken down; what is now asserted is very soon denied, and thus theory travels, and speculation is rife.

The celebrated Headland calls it "ague poison," and the first professional men of this country call it "malaria." It is a much mooted question whether it is a "specific poison," or some morbid product that may be ascribed to "incidental causes of atmospheric changes—heat, cold, moisture, and their alterations." These changes are prolific when dirt and offal—debris of every kind, human and animal—is scattered about in heaps, giving forth beneath the rays of a scorching sun, stench and poison, and invisible sporules to be swallowed, to be inspired, to be given to the arterial tide bounding through the whole organism of man. Lowlands, damp and marshy bottoms, embouchures of rivers are laid down as the peculiar home of malaria. Is this a general truth? It is felt on rocky and steep cliffs; on islands elevated many feet above the level of the surrounding country; on high rugged mounts in the Mediterranean, where vegetation was never known, and where water finds no shed.

Cycles of those intermittent waves find an easy access to remote places, lofty ranges where the nature of the soil is suitable for their reception ; where there is an electro-magnetic attraction that draws from the distant valley—from the ague district—a poisonous product. In accomplishing this the hearthstone of the virus is more frequently healthier than localities miles away.

The bayous of Louisiana are said to be exempt from malaria ! The experience of the late civil war in that region argues a different conclusion. Supposing, however, that they are, may not some local agent act as a neutralizer. The non-presence of malaria is hardly tenable. The *Jussiaena grandis flora*, a plant flagging the innumerable ponds and lakes there scattered, is reported, on some authority, to purify the atmosphere. What does it purify ?—Malaria. The Dismal Swamp is also regarded as a happy exception from the rest of the country lying in its vicinity. May not the peculiarity of the soil have everything to do with this seeming paradox ? Its quaggy peat bogs are fine absorbents of irregular exhalations. We hope a gentleman of science and leisure will examine this question and tell us,—the reason why. It will be stated that the poison of ague is not a gass ; that this has been proved beyond cavil. True, indeed, is the media in which we live a happy and a healthy mixture, provided it be a pure one, and that imperceptible particles floating in it will keep it so. Basements and low grounds expose the occupants to the influence of miasma more than do upper stories and high lands. This is as a general thing admissible. In some districts it matters little whether you dwell in a mud hovel, or in a palatial mansion. The “shake and fever” is bound to reach you.

Professor Saulisbury is the most recent writer on the causation of fever and ague. Many beautiful experiments have been tried by him, and in strips of land corresponding very much to certain tracts around this city. A field lies here for the professional curious to explore. We sincerely hope that some son of the Art will grapple the idea, and push investigation to the wall.

Now, lowlands are not always, nor in all nations, subject to malaria; nor are high lands, nor higher hills, nor still higher mountains, always free from its noxious presence. Livingston states in his travels that in Ceylon many extremely low and damp spots are exempt, while steep bluffs and arid crags are undergoing poisonous contamination. No doubt the elective affinity of the noted sections draws off what the valleys beneath had generated. The winds are great dispensers of good and evil.

CHAPTER II.

SAILORS' GRAVE.—POINT PETER.

Wilmington and its environments are subjected to miasmatic changes worse in the fall than in any other season.—They enjoy a greater immunity from the more fatal degree of fevers of late years than they ever did before. Hitherto they ravaged without mercy, and “Like the destroying angel, spread *their* wings on the blast.” The paucity of inhabitants in regions naturally malarious works kindly in the cause and propagation of ague poison. Forty years ago, when Wilmington was but a town of a very limited population, its health and tone was of quite a different nature from what it is at present. Then the “old style of billious fever”—the cousin-german to yellow jack—made sad ravages.—The many stagnant pools, and the dark ravines, sent forth their fetid odors, to

“Ruddy cheeks pale
And plumpy ones hollow,”

to dim the lustre of the eye with the tell-tale tinge of yellow and to change the peaceful flow of blood into a pricking, burning, furious stream. Many reasons were given for the intermittents, and billious remittents, of July, August, September and October. The rice fields opposite the town; the swamps; the trees felled, and permitted to rot where they

fell. A race of trees now dying out was suspected. The pride of China, the falsely beautiful and lilac-colored *Melia Azederach*; the *datura stramonium*—Jamestown weed—a poisonous plant growing in old ruins, in moist and lonely by-ways, received attention. Nor did the disagreeable Jerusalem oak escape. All these were regarded with much aversion, and their removal was effected to some extent. They were deemed the immediate propagators of malaria and its innervating train. Hardly any doubt rests in our mind as to this, knowing, to suppose, that at that early day less protection was afforded the community by hygienic rules and regulations. As time rolled away the population increased, the number of interested persons augmented, and the united efforts of the whole were directed to sanitary measures. They cropped the wings of malignant billious, and gave freedom to the wings of health. At this period mariners eschewed the Cape Fear, as much as the Fryingpan Shoals. The expression "Sailors' Grave" applied to Wilmington is sufficiently suggestive. Those hardy sons and toilers of the sea would laugh at the hurricane; would scorn the ocean billow; would defy the thunder, and blink at the lightning's flash; tear, and tar, and wear their lives out into death, without fear and trembling, without a single murmur or complaint. But they, aghast! retained a holy horror of the town of Wilmington. They hugged their hammocks at night, after a day on shore, and inspired an air as insidious as the venom distilled by a timely warning adder. The commerce of the town was at stake. Something must be done to allay this fear. The citizens contrived the charitable, as well as what would prove a profitable, idea of erecting a "Sailors' Home." Here men could be properly attended, properly nursed, and a speedy restoration to health, after a short convalescence, would be the result. This was carried into execution, and the home in question became one of the institutions of the city. After the long struggle of the Southerners to create a new nation, and which went down in a sea of tears and blood, Wilmington, with her sister cities of the Confederacy, put on a bold, defiant front. It, too, in turn yielded to the fortune of war, and in turn was occupied by the national troops. The gov-

ernment took the "Sailors' Home," and has kept possession ever since. It is still a hospital for the seamen of the port, as well as for those of the revenue service.

Trade in lumber and in spirits of turpentine was not such as it is now. Consequently there were few mills, and fewer distilleries. The influx of capital with what was native combined together, and the extract of the pine was converted to money, and its waste to something else. Physical and chemical changes began to take place, silently but surely. The residents very soon observed a modification in the bilious type.

Tar barrels burned on every hill and in every hollow, sent upwards their cheering, crackling blaze, and with lurid flames lit up the whole horizon, and thus became a purificator of the heavens. The thick clouds of pitch smoke must have contrasted strangely to the surrounding glare. How much the boys enjoyed those days of fun! This general system of making bonfires was simply one of prophylaxis—a measure of public hygiene. The rice fields opposite the town were another sorry sight to those dreading malaria. They knew, and it was ever kept before their eyes, that the culture of this lucrative staple is as baneful as it is profitable, particularly so in the neighborhood of cities. A bottom land, highly irrigated, is always necessary to secure a good crop, and from such a source, malaria is sent broad cast over the land to find victims. In this a change was made. No rice was to be cultivated within certain prescribed limits. But Wilmington is growing larger. Its houses are multiplying. Its population is fifteen thousand instead of thirteen hundred. Point Peter viewed from Hilton where the sun is about to set behind the stately pines, looks exceedingly picturesque. Thus it appeared to us the other evening. Yet behind this grandeur of nature, behind this sunset of beauty, we beheld nicely squared fields of golden grain looking very much like fields] of rice. The Cape Fear's east branch rolled lazily by; not a ripple ruffled its placid surface. The wind was hushed in the East. The leaves of the trees were silent, and nature seemed sleeping amid all the beautiful rays of a solar spectrum. Still deep in this nestled malaria—a serpent in the weeds—only needing a slight breeze from the west to reach

the spot where we stood, to tincture the skin with an icteroid hue; to congest the liver, the spleen, and to bloat the symmetry of man's body. The picture grew darker. It lost its sunshine, and lost its scenic grandeur. Every decade of years emigration poured in, the population increased, and Wilmington became a bustling, thriving town. Five or six saw mills were in full operation in the year 1834; and, they had their depurative effect. It is, I think, an established fact that malaria is rendered less noxious by the air of large cities. In 1830, Wilmington hardly numbered fifteen hundred human beings; to-day it numbers between fifteen and sixteen thousand souls. What an increase! When several decades of years will have passed down the stream of time we know that a rapid change will have taken place. The few factories of wood and other material will have increased a hundred fold. The streets now hardly traveled will echo to the tramp of men going to and returning from their daily toil. The constant whistle of the steamer will indicate more activity, and the thousands of mechanic institutes, the hum drum of wheels and engines, will all, every one of them, indicate a new era. As the fevers of 1831 were more malignant than those of 1857, so will those of 1890 be in a *pro rata* scale modified.

CHAPTER III.

CHOLERA AND SMALL-POX.

All this summer ponds of water of considerable surface and depth, and formed by the rains that have so often poured down in torrents the past months, can be found at the head of Orange street and around in that neighborhood as far as the Marine Hospital. A man complained—a poor laborer—and very truly said, “I pay taxes, and why can't a drain be cut here so as to join that one over there. It is old, but can be cleaned out.” So thought we. He was told to apply to the Mayor. But no action was taken, for there the water was left to evaporate slowly, to generate poison slowly, to attack unsuspecting persons slowly, to give one hundred

per cent. more of fever and ague slowly. We do not exaggerate. We are very mild. This will suffice for other sections of the city similarly constituted. Probably it will be deemed a jest to suggest that the old practice of burning turpentine barrels be renewed. If it were practicable in those early days when such things were comparatively scarce, it is a thousand fold more so at the present time. However, this method of purifying the atmosphere need never be resorted to, if the right estimation be held relative to drains and sewers. In these we centre health or disease; in these the joy or sorrow of the city is located. If they are sufficiently numerous, and kept in available condition, the tone of Wilmington will be advanced immeasurably.

This year we cannot complain, for it is much healthier than last, to judge by the health of the troops stationed here. In 1866, from June to December, were treated twenty-three cases of remittent fever, forty-five of intermittent; three of typho-malaria, and three of billious congestive fever; also, five cases of diarrhœa, dysentery and cholera morbus. Of these we regret to state that three died. That is, thirty-nine deaths in the ratio of one thousand. This comes fully up to the standard of mortality in healthy climates. From January to October of 1867, we have had of remittent, fifteen cases; of intermittent, forty-five; of typhoid fever, one case; and of diarrhœa and dysentery, eight cases. No deaths. Let this be compared with any other city station in the country, and we think the result will be in favor of the misrepresented City of Wilmington. Cholera is said to have visited us in October, 1866, and to have carried away one family. This statement is made upon very good authority. We know that sporadic cases of Asiatic cholera often appear where least expected. Still, doubt will be entertained about the presence of that detested malady, and so long as we remain in doubt, so long will we be free from its dreadful ravages.

In the Fall of 1834 a rumor became current for awhile that cholera was in the town. Those who gave forth the report were severely reprehended. We take the following from the *People's Press* and *Wilmington Advertiser*:

"WILMINGTON, N. C., October 25, 1834.

Sir:—A report is in circulation that the cholera exists in the town, to an alarming extent. As the public interest requires the most respectable testimony on this occasion, I have taken the liberty to request that you will give such information, for publication in the *People's Press*, as shall disabuse the public mind, or exhibit the extent of the danger.

Very respectfully,

T. LORING."

"*Sir*:—In reply to your note of this morning addressed to each of us, we can, without hesitation, say that no case of Asiatic cholera, or other disease closely resembling it has occurred to either of us in this place during the late or present season.

Respectfully yours,

A. J. DEROSSET, M. D.

WM. P. HORT, M. D.

A. J. DEROSSET, JR., M. D.

JOHN W. WATERS, M. D.

LOUIS J. POISSON, M. D."

"WILMINGTON, N. C., October 25, 1834.

T. LORING, Esq.,

Dear Sir:—In reply to your note of this morning, I certify that no case of cholera exists in our town at this time, within my knowledge; and that our town is as healthy as usual at this season of the year.

Very respectfully, &c.,

W. J. HARRIS, M. D.

Thus it was at that period, and thus it is at the present; false reports are put in circulation and the anxiety of the people raised, and strangers are perhaps kept from settling amongst us. We can readily infer that something unknown acted to keep off that Asiatic destroyer which then sent down into the grave so many inhabitants of other parts of the United States. There may have been very severe and numerous attacks of cholera morbus terminating fatally in rapid succession, as to make whole "bodies" think that the epidemic was in their midst, but on close analysis they happily found out their mistake, and gladly announced their error. After other periodical returns of the same disease to this country, Wilmington was happily free from invasion.—Its standard of health can compare with any city in the

Union. The obituary list of 1859 shows, by the record of Oakdale Cemetery, the number of one hundred and twelve. The population of the town then was about nine thousand. The mortuary report for September, 1867, one of the sickliest months, if not *par excellence*, and with a population almost double the above, states that fourteen burials were made in Oakdale Cemetery, and in Pine Forest Cemetery, colored, eighteen; giving a total of thirty-two. Certainly, this does not argue a very insalubrious climate.

But while we have reason to dilate with pleasure upon this particular point, another advances which looks rather cloudy, and which is not so agreeable to narrate. Nevertheless, we shall endeavor to render it as bright as the nature of the subject will permit. In 1865, a few scattered cases of small-pox were noticed, and they continued to increase until October, when the disease began to wear the appearance of an epidemic. The general supervision of the town was under the military, and the Medical Director transferred to the local authorities many persons, chiefly negroes, tainted with the malady.

REPORT OF THE CITY SMALL-POX HOSPITAL, FROM OCTOBER 10TH, 1865,
TO JULY 7TH, 1866.

ADMITTED.		DISCHARGED.		TRANSFERRED.		DIED.		Died of Supervening disease.	TOTAL.
Variola.	Varioloid.	Variola.	Varioloid.	Variola.	Varioloid.	Variola.	Varioloid.		
Whites.	Blacks.	Whites.	Blacks.	Whites.	Blacks.	Whites.	Blacks.	Whites.	Blacks.
56	523	3	176	33	402	3	176	5	740

The ratio of deaths was about 16 per centum, exclusive of the five patients who died of supervening diseases.

In one case only did the disease attack the same patient twice, and that in an interval of about six months.

The only plan, which is at all possible, for the prevention of a prevalence of this disease, in the future, is compulsory vaccination and re-vaccination.

THOMAS F. WOOD,
Physician Small-Pox Hospital

The above was kindly furnished us by the physician in charge.

It will go to show that the colored proportion is exceedingly high, and their deaths, compared with the whites, stand 1 to 24. We have from the same authority that there were others treated privately, and a few more deaths occurred.—We examined this Hospital in July, 1866, and found nine afflicted with the loathsome disease. Its proximity to the troops, as well as to citizens, who first called the attention of the military to it—for it was in the city limits—was the cause of the removal of the patients to the vicinity of Camp Lamb. They were received into the Bureau Hospital. A few straggling cases afterwards were treated here. The pest finally died out. The former Small Pox Hospital, or the “Cestin House,” was well scrubbed and ventilated. It subsequently was donated to the St. James Episcopal Church. We shall recur to this manor house again.

The sanguinary struggle of four years brought about many physical civil, and moral changes. Rivers were made to change their channel and seek another bed; forests were leveled and transferred to the gulf, the Mississippi, and the Atlantic ocean, as gunboats and ships of war, and preyers on commerce. They made abatis of defence, stockades of security, and huts of protection. The earth was thrown up into lines of rifle pits, into sand mounds, into forts and breast-works. Hatred entered the bosoms of men. The fiends of discord wrestled there. The gall of a nation staid in the nation's blood, and changed its red and wholesome glow into a yellow forbidding look; and turned a nation's sweetness into sour; a brotherhood into alienship, and a peaceful land, smiling with plenty, into a land of war and its horrid consequences. The transportation of large bodies of troops from one district to another, encumbered with all the appurtenances for a campaign, predispose very much to the generation and propagation of disease; such was actually the case with the spread of small pox. At Cairo, in 1862 and '63, it made sad havoc among the “invaders,” and continued its ravages, pursuing with spiteful spleen their advance, spreading panic among those who feared not the battle-field,

and brunt. Indeed we can apply without stretch some remarks here taken from the "Cholera Conference at Weimur, on April 28th and 29th, 1867." Among other transactions of this society, composed of the medical talent of Europe, it was debated that the movements of troops enhanced the spreading of disease. In Germany and Hungary many single epidemics originated in the army. We quote freely:—"It was thence finally agreed, that military intercourse was more effectual than civil in spreading the disease; but that nevertheless, the *local and temporary disposition* of a place must be regarded as of the greatest importance." This extract is from the "Medical News and Library." We shall endeavor to condense a few hints from the same. The intercourse of the military, in comparison with that of civil, was more injurious, and gave rise to *materies* of infection which otherwise, in all probability, would never visit any district. Further on is communicated: "Such causes were, in part, an unusually abundant and frequent importation of the poison, especially through the movements of troops." They spoke, in connection with this, of disinfection, and it can be very appropriately introduced, as it is instructive as it is brief. "Disinfection can only be of use, if there be a rational treatment of the excreta, if care be taken for insuring the cleanliness of a town, and the carrying out of all measures conducive to the health, and if disinfection be carried out in a compulsory manner by the magistrates."

We positively know of places where this "compulsory manner" is needed, and it is strongly urged, and as strongly hoped, that a reformation will take place. It will be too late to cry "wolf, wolf," when the animal is at our door; and it will be equally too late to scatter about disinfectant agents when an epidemic is carrying off our best and fairest.

We have handled this seeming digression for the sole purpose of comparing, *ex parte*, the military rules and regulations with the civil. The military in war is all bustle, confusion and dirt. It increases the latter. While the civil government, especially in a war like the one we have gone through, is rendered nugatory in its efforts to effect the requisite cleanliness. From such we may infer that when

small pox began in this State it met with much food that lent it power to spread. It was not confined to Wilmington, and to New Hanover county only. It was also met around the coast wherever the armies operated. It traveled to the interior, but always in the wake of the soldiers. In the neighborhood of Raleigh we visited a small pox hospital for the colored people, and observed a large number of convalescent cases. The sole treatment seemed to consist in attention to personal cleanliness, to the proper sprinkling of the liquor sodæ chlorinatæ, a brisk cathartic, followed by the iodide of potassium.

CHAPTER IV.

YELLOW FEVER.—FALSE REPORTS.—SPIRITS TURPENTINE.

We now come to an epidemic of the most virulent nature, and one that has swept through some of our southern cities with withering effect. Its insidious approaches found no barrier, and the vigorous efforts of municipal governments and the hygienic laws of communities in general, were found inadequate to arrest its march. The record of burials in the cemeteries of Galveston, of New Orleans, of Mobile, Memphis, and many other places, will fully attest the fatal essence of yellow fever.

Yellow fever appeared in Wilmington in 1821, and almost depopulated the sparsely settled town. But how did it appear? Did it spring up as a monster from the soil? Was the time at length arrived for its "gradual and regular approaches" to this section of the Cape Fear? The fact stands out in the memory of men now living that it was imported—brought over from the West Indies by the steamer "John London." Again was it brought here in 1862, and in the blockade runner "Kate." This time it was carried from Nassau. And we have further conclusive evidence against the assertion of Dr. Warren Stone, who, in his lecture at Bellevue College, New York City, held this language :

"It had been a question whether it was imported or of local origin. It certainly was not imported in ships. The epidemic influence was wafted through the atmosphere in waves or cycles, and it always made gradual and regular approaches, so that in New Orleans they knew when it was coming by its prevalence in islands in the Gulf. In the year 1851 it began in Brazil, and after passing over the Northern part of South America and the West India Islands, it reached New Orleans in 1853. In 1855 it had traveled as far as Memphis, and was severe in many of the interior towns."

How such a statement agrees with the above we leave our readers to judge. But we will not permit this to suffice. The Doctor lectured before men of talent, and men of experience. Very many of them, perhaps, saw yellow fever, and studied it in theory and practice. Dr. Aitken says it is "propagated by contagion." The same author writes that "it has been imported into Lisbon, into St. Nazaire, in the department of the Lower Loire, into Plymouth and Southampton. It has been imported and become epidemic as far South as Monte Video." In one word, it has been shipped to those places.—In 1861 the "Anne Marie" brought it to St. Nazaire.

The "Eclair" left it behind at Boa Vista. The "Hanky" imported it "from Bulam, on the west coast of Africa, on the 19th of February, 1793," and was the cause of its propagation, to a fearful extent, for the period of five months, on the island of Grenada. We could multiply instances *ad infinitum*, to show that yellow fever is imported, and is not wafted "in waves or cycles." Admitting the theory of Dr. Stone, how does that gentleman explain away the many examples deduced to prove the contrary? Was this epidemic influence wafted to Brooklyn, New York, in 1854? We know with certitude that a vessel bearing this fatal type of fever on board anchored off Fort Hamilton; that the fever existed nowhere else in the United States, excepting, possibly, in New Orleans, and that it soon afterwards broke out in the city above mentioned. The ship, therefore, must have been the agent in bringing this fell disease to Brooklyn. We know that it crept from Brazil up the coast to South America, Mexico, and islands in the Carribean Sea. It must have taken three years

to have passed from Brazil to New Orleans. The importation of the fever to this town by the steamers already named, is another strong argument against the Doctor's theory. If, however, his ideas in the matter be correct, 1868 will see Yellow Jack spread its baneful wings northward from the Gulf, and fling to the breeze death and desolation. This will be a consummation for which we will not devoutly hope. We will not meet it in Wilmington unless another "London," or another "Kate" brings it; and we need not fear, for the authorities, civil or military, as the case may be will, by strict quarantine regulations—by a faithful observance of the laws of health—insure us, as far as possible, against its approach. Of this we may rest assured, unless it be borne by the wind from the nearest nest in which it will be left by the cold weather. We may then see it fly onward from Vera Cruz to Corpus Christi Bay and Galveston. From the latter it will visit the States of Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, and lastly, North Carolina. It will approach the Cape Fear, no doubt, by running around the coast, through the Florida Reefs, from Dry Tortugas to Smithville!

We shall abandon theory and return to facts. Let those who wish to theorize do so. They will never want a class.—It may be questioned now: Did yellow fever ever visit this particular section of the country before? We have asked several this question, but never have received a satisfactory answer. Wheeler, in his history of this noble State—the very first that unfurled the standard of liberty on this continent, and flung the gauntlet of defiance in the eyes of the British Lion—states that "In the summer, to the horrors of war, the ravages of *yellow fever* were added to the misfortunes of the colonists, and the Governor fell a victim (Sept. 8th, 1712.)" We are ignorant of the source whence the historian drew this piece of information, and have not the time at present to consult more reliable writers. If "the ravages" spoken of were at all in this neighborhood, they must not have been able to find many victims, as the population then was but a mere nominal thing. The population of the colony in 1754, as given by President Rowan in his dispatch to the Duke of New Castle, was seventeen thousand and nine

hundred of militia, exempts and outposts, with a slave element of ten thousand.—*Wheeler's History of North Carolina.*

Though this was the maximum of inhabitants scattered over the extensive tract of land owned by the colonists, we must conclude that Wilmington was a town of some importance, since assemblies, *et cetera*, relative to public business, were called there, and transacted. We are left in doubt whether or not yellow fever decimated it, as, we think, Governor Edward Hyde died of the malady in Newbern. From 1712, therefore until 1821, a lapse of one hundred and nine years, this region was exempt from its ravages; and from 1821 to 1862 the same is believed to be true.

The introduction of the fever by the blockade runner "Kate" was a subject, we understand, of much controversy, and elicited from Dr. W. T. Wragg—a gentleman who left his home in Charleston to mitigate the horrors of the disease, and do what he could for his fellow man—an article as to its spontaneity. He essayed to prove that it was not imported, that it arose here spontaneously. Now, how this could be we cannot at all conceive. It is undoubtedly so, that, during the summer of 1862, many natural changes were happening daily. The stir of armed hosts shook the ground. The filth and offal consequent upon the rapid "hurrying to and fro" of warriors filled the streets and crowded the by-ways. The land in many instances became covered in a sheet of water, which soon wore a scum of sickly greasy green. The towering pines were sent rustling, crackling, crushing, thundering to the earth, and left there to decay and generate unpleasant effluvia. The earth was torn up, and ditches were made, and dykes were formed. These all possibly might be deemed great "drawers out" of the dragon's teeth, of the yellow fever, from the sandy soil! In these supposed causes the Doctor saw the spontaneity of the epidemic. It grew as mildew upon toadstools, as grass from the bosom of mother nature! Very likely. We do not hesitate to say that all these increased the rapid spread, and gave greater virulence to the imported evil. If this region yields yellow fever spontaneously, why does it not do so oftener? Why do such long intervals elapse? Why do we hear nothing of it until a vessel

with cases on board enters the river? Again, and again, it has worried the cities of the Gulf shores. The jungles of Louisiana are rarely free from its annual mad career. Just now it seems to be subsiding. The approach of jack frost appears to be driving it away from most of our Southern ports. We learn from the November number of the "Medical News and Library," that the increase of yellow fever cases at New Orleans alone must have almost multiplied in an arithmetical proportion for the period of twelve weeks.—The first week, ending July 13th, the cases numbered three. For the week ending September 28th, they numbered four hundred and ninety-two. What a fearful mortality. Wilmington suffered in proportion to her people during its visit in 1862. It spared no one. There was no "exempt." Its "conscription" was general. Here, as at present in New Orleans, it sought its victims in all classes, in all nationalities. It mattered not whether they passed safely before through its poisoned atmosphere, or had lived from the cradle to old age in the land of its periodical visitation. Here it raged fearfully for two months. It was proclaimed epidemic by Mayor Dawson on or about the first day of September. The distillation of turpentine is regarded as a great neutralizer of the poison of yellow fever; so much so, indeed, that the people looked upon the distilleries unworked in that year as a misfortune.

It is not unusual to hear that this place is extremely unhealthy. Strangers are forever bugbeared with the assertion that in seeking homes here they are seeking jungles, where every kind of fell fever lurks, ready to pounce on the unacclimatized, and send them to an untimely tomb. So far as we are concerned this bears the very face of untruth, as impolitic as it is false.

Before our advent to this much abused region, we were told—and by a North Carolinian, too—that we ought not to go there; that malaria was rampant; that small-pox was epidemic; that all nature seemed convulsed, and about to pour the vial of wrath upon all "new comers." We simply answered that such we had heard before, but as we were not afraid of disease under any guise, we would most certainly

see for ourself, and sift the matter to a proper statement of facts. With this view we reached Wilmington after a stay of six weeks in Duplin County, in May, 1866, and began to scan the heavens to hunt up "convulsed nature." Everything was placid. Cases of small pox were few. They were found out on inquiry. Nobody seemed worried about it, nor at all anxious about their safety. Of all this we will speak without fear of wounding the feelings of any.

Our experience of the last two years argues quite a different thing, and has convinced us that the grim spectre held forth to strangers is unworthy of any credence whatever.—The natural aptitude of this particular topographical situation may, perhaps, individualize, so to speak, a certain class of fevers as frequent and peculiar. Yet we refrain to elaborate. In a paper of this character it is unnecessary to attempt any detail to show why miasmatic waves float over this or that region, or locality, or rocky mount, or steep ascent. The attracting and repelling force of many malarial districts, and of those that are not malarial, will, to those who have studied the subject, be quite sufficient, while a knowledge of it to the casual reader would be of no importance.

The altitudinal range, as well as the horizontal, is such that the inhabitants of every village, town and city inform themselves of this great moment, and locate so to keep at the greatest distance possible from the sphere of communication. In this city of Wilmington, if we can avoid it, we will not expose ourselves to those clouds of miasmatic emanations from Eagle's Island or Point Peter, no more than we would to the miasma arising from the Laguna Campona, did we reside in the town of Cariaco.

Now, with respect to this city, we have observed, during the fall of 1866, and during the present year, up to the time of this going to press, that chills and fever prevail to no more extent, if to as much, as they do in certain districts of Missouri and Illinois, along the banks of the Mississippi, and away inland. In a recent visit to Kent County, Maryland, we found ourselves more in danger of catching the ague poison, we felt it, than here in New Hanover County, North Carolina. We also noticed that there are sections of Wil-

mington more exempt from intermittent fever than others. We do not vouch for it as a general truth. It is our opinion. To show this we would draw a line from the river up Nun street, as far as Third; along Third to Orange; up Orange to Fourth; marking Fourth to Walnut, and down the latter to the Cape Fear. Some places, from defective drainage—from deep holes where weeds and filth have accumulated—may be properly excepted. It is the fault, not of the natural causes to keep them pure, for nature does its best, but of the municipal government, which should look to these things, and see that gullies and ravines are filled up, and thus leave no nidus for pestilential exhalations.

The grand disinfectant of this *hygienic line* can be justly attributed to the fumes of turpentine distilleries. In some lots and yards the grounds are saturated with the spirits.—In the production of this essential oil the “Old North State” embosoms within itself one of the very best neutralizers of malarial poison, no matter into what form that poison shape disease. Fernel, in the sixteenth century, describes the spirits of turpentine thus: *Terebinthina calefacit, mollit, discutit, terget, expurgat—putridem cohibet*. It warms, it softens, it destroys, it scours, it purifies—it checks putrescence. The wharves are stocked with turpentine, almost always, in one or another state; and its pungent odor is wafted beneficially over the area described. Observe we have italicised the words “hygienic line.” Beyond this is not discovered that same attention on the part of the authorities in keeping the streets clear of uprooted weeds, and heaps of filth as is witnessed on the more frequented ones. A nicely furnished room, a neatly sanded floor, in a dwelling surrounded with dank growths, and putrid heaps of stuffs, cannot be, therefore, considered more healthy if no attention was given them. So it is with the out-of-the-way places of the city. A proper surveillance of the whole should be ever observed.

If this be true, it ought to be circulated; so cheap a purifier—a disinfectant—ought to be known wherever that scourge of mankind is in the habit of appearing. It is not our province just now to enter into any discussion as to its infectiousness or contagiousness. Some believe one, some the other; very many believe both.

CHAPTER V.

SMITHVILLE.—EXCURSION TO BALDHEAD, &C.

In making a *resume*, we have been led by the nature of the subject beckoning onward, until we have passed in review before us many local and collateral facts and opinions.—Paludal fevers, small pox, cholera and yellow fever, have been briefly considered—their influence on the inhabitants, and their relation to this section of the United States. We have made no attempt to climb the steep and intricate heights of the etiology of disease, and its pathology. We have undertaken no revision of the immense, outstretched fields of misery, and to paint in living language the why and the wherefore—the diagnosis and the prognosis of the whole. Entering the land of discovery—young in the stormy sea of theory; young on the thorny path of medicine, endeavoring to get out of the hidden ways and on to the great medical highway; to follow the *vestigia* of noble examples—we have simply pointed out what may be of plain, palpable utility to every person, of every rank and station. We have no pretension to the “constantly thinking” power of a Newton; but unless we transcribe our thoughts to paper none will benefit by their wisdom or their folly. We may follow the practice of empirics, now and then, and thereby imitate our worthy and ancient fathers in the healing art, as Hippocrates Galen, and hosts of others. We should not stand always on this ground; it is dangerous, it is not “holy.” Our reason should not be guided by faith, but faith should be the hand-maid of our reason. The blind steps of empiricism are remarkably awkward. They sometimes lead to shining lights in the history of disease; they oftener lead to utter darkness and mythical speculation.

We know that fevers now and then spring up, and continue for some time. We know that they often carry off in a hasty manner souls immortal to immortality. But this is the case in every region of the universe. The whole globe is the unified field of misery and death, and this particular region of the universe is as healthy as any other. It is, indeed,

very true that certain spots can be pointed out as places extremely insalubrious. Where on earth is there a district without its

“Fever and pain, and pale, consumptive care?”

We may look around in vain to find any. We may go to all the “climates for invalids” in the world, and still we will not cross a single mountain or a single plain, or one of God’s vast, boundless prairies, without meeting grim death, brought on, as they say, untimely, in some form or other of disease. “Notwithstanding,” writes the exquisite Tanner, “the excellent writing of Sir James Clark, Edwin Lee, Granville, Burgess, Alexander Taylor, D. J. T. Francis, Scoresby Jackson, and others, many invalids migrate every autumn to the south of France, Italy, Spain, &c., merely to find a grave.” People will speak of the mineral springs, the pure mountain air, the rural beauty, the fresh sea breeze, and the sea-bathing places in Ireland, Scotland and England. They will dwell in a glowing manner on the “calmness, moderate cold, bright sunshine” of Pau; and on “the sandy, gently-shelving beach” of Biarritz, “so well adapted for bathing.” In Italy the Lago Maggiore, and the Lake of Como are immortalized in song and story, and Venice is styled by poets the Queen of the Adriatic. Let us view the country round Wilmington, and its proximity to the ocean.

It is about thirty miles from the mouth of the river, beyond which the grey Atlantic fathomless rolls. The entrance to the Cape Fear is picturesque. Smith’s Island looks “fearfully grand, gloomy, and peculiar,” lashed by the maddened, white foaming breakers of the angry sea. At times, when the stillness of the storm is audible, when ripple after ripple succeeds the swell—when from the ocean’s depths are reflected a thousand and one beauties, then does its shelving beach appear magnificent; and away back

“The kingly pine trees, straight and high,
Stretch out their arms to the summer sky.”

Last October, a year now gone, a party of ladies and gentlemen, full of life and the soul of fun, took seats in a hand-

somely furnished gig, manned by a dozen of sunburnt, brawny-armed, jovial-looking sailors. Their white-covered mushroom-looking caps, their ultra-marine smock-frocks, and their linen pants, contrasted strangely with the red and white plumes fluttering from the ladies' traveling hats, their variegated dresses, and the plain, black suits of their chaperones. "Pull away," commanded the gentleman at the helm, and in a moment twelve oars split the waters, and bore us swiftly and gently over the deep, blue waves. "To Baldhead! to Baldhead!" merrily rang from the fair ones, and their ringing, silvery laughs kept time with the ducking gig. The place alluded to seemed charming to the eye, and as distance lends enchantment to the view, from this fact alone Baldhead looked more enchanting still. There towered the old lighthouse, far above lordly oak and poplar; there shone the sanded seashore, in all the glittering cintillations of a bright, balmy, mornning's sun. All nature seemed redolent and rosy. Everything was auspicious of a good day's scene of mirth. A thrill of delight runs through all as the prow rushes into the bank, and as one by one we jump joyfully on shore. The vessel is soon disgorged of its dainties. Each hardy son of Neptune bears something in his hand or on his back, and starts off in a happy canter towards the lighthouse. The party separate in twos and fours, and stroll along the beach, and into the woods, admiring nature scattered around in mystic grandeur. "That peculiar want felt by the system which induces the ingestion of nutritive principles," drew us all instinctively to the designated station, and whither the mariners had proceeded. It was not very long before we were seated, resting our weary feet under the shade of a spreading beech. A cheering blaze was lit in the old dilapidated building, and a lady well skilled in the art of the *cuisine*, began, Major General like, giving her orders for this and for that, and for the dear haunch of venison :

"For finer nor fatter

Ne'er ranged in a forest, or smoked in a platter."

Opposition fires burned without, and sent their curling rings of smoke to make a cloud in a cloudless sky. Immac-

ulate white table cloths were spread upon the green sward, and polished silver and Parian vases, filled with native flowers, and smiling china everywhere enriched the view and increased the appetite, making it keen and juicy. It was a subject worthy of Virgil to describe the fugitive Prince of Troy and his hardy followers, seated at nature's table, regaling themselves with slaughtered bucks and Bacchus. Not in the classic land of Italy, but here in the woods of North Carolina, where the Cape Fear opens its mouth to the great Atlantic, might another poet find lovely lines for heroic verse. There could be seen youth and maiden, young and old, enjoying themselves to their heart's content. Wrinkled care had fled, mirth was radiant, and genial glances shot from every eye; wit and pleasant feeling coursed in every vein, and with a bound, jumped along the devious ways of the arterial system. We cracked the peanut as well as the joke, and quaffed the innocent scuppernong and raised the glasses to the toast of health.

All joy must have its end, all feast must have its surfeit.—The pleasure of the table had ceased. We amused ourselves by watching the sailors gathering oysters in one of the *cecessu longo*, where the river had eaten in and meandered about until it had rounded a little island. The Occident was putting on ten thousand robes of gold and purple and Tyrian red to greet the descent of Sol. The bay lay placid beneath. Who was there who would trouble its solemn rest? A score.—Shortly, and the bosom of the deep was ruffled, and splash on splash ran across the waters, and scream on scream, and laugh on laugh awoke the sleeping woodland nymphs and naiads. The shades of evening approached, and the queen of night began to arise and gaze at itself in the mirror of the deep. All aboard, strongly pulled the oarsmen, and quickly skimmed the boat over the shining, bright and briny water. A sad, sweet voice broke harmoniously on the twilight air, and charmed all with its rich, mellow tone. We could have listened to it forever. Smithville is reached, and the gay party disperse. So much for what could be rendered a delightful and healthy place for sea bathing and for festive ex-

cursions. One need never go to an Atlantic city, or an Newport, or a Cape May ; he can find all nearer home.

Much is said of the Andalusian city, Seville, and of Tuscan cities and villas. Florence, immortalized by giving to the world a Dante, if by nothing else, is a resort of the fashionable and curious from every part of Europe, and even from America. The sceneries of the Appenines are lauded to the skies by tourists ; but here in our midst, everywhere throughout the land, from the Alleghanies to the sea, is such natural scenic grandeur that Washington Irving has well said, no American need ever go abroad to seek other more enravishing.

Smithville is a nice little town, and before the war of secession, was enlivened beyond measure by the *elite* from Wilmington, and from the cities and towns of the interior and the bordering States. There is no reason why it should not become so again. It must grow apace with the prosperity of Wilmington. It is built in a place of much natural beauty. There one can sit beneath his own vine and fig tree. It commands a splendid view of a great expanse of water, and from it can be seen the vessels coming around by Caswell, their masts rising as it were from the chapparral covered sandhills. Years hence the ideal of this moment may be realized. There is nothing impossible. *Forti et fidei nihil difficile*—to the brave and faithful nothing is difficult. Sir Walter Scott believed he would die if he did not see the heather of the Highlands every year. The Wilmingtonians will, ere long, believe the same of Smithville. The situation is healthy. During the past summer we have sent men there of remittent fever, which no treatment could coax from the system. In a month they returned with cheeks plump and ruddy. Every accommodation is there for yachting, and bathing, and fishing, and gunning. In the evening the hours may be danced away with flying feet.

CHAPTER VI.

LAKE OF WACCAMAW.—CATAWBA COUNTY.—WILLIAMS' SPRING.

In Columbus County is found the quiet and frequented Lake of Waccamaw. It is approached by the Wilmington and Manchester Railroad, and displays on its palmy banks a spacious and elegant hotel. It is a great resort in August and September. Everything is there to attract visitors.—Those fond of the chase may take with them their guns and dogs. Game abounds. Those fond of angling may supply themselves with hooks and lines. They will find there the golden and silver spotted trout, the horny-backed perch, the nibbling eel, and innumerable other kinds of fish. The woods, and dales, and glades are fragrant with the odors of wild-blooming flowers, plants and shrubs. Excursions leave Wilmington every summer for this fairy region. Many from South Carolina go there, delighted to find retirement in so secluded, silent, happy a dell.

Turning around from this region we may look toward the western section of the State, than which no nobler, no more fruitful, no more naturally healthful, or physically richer, or more abounding in mineral resources exists. It is the very place for hypochondriacs. There they forget their troubles, and will sooth their pinings by long, deep draughts of the pleasure of scenic sublimity and pure mountain air. Catawba county is particularly healthy. Its land is fertile, and nature has endowed it with every thing that is pleasing to the eye. A river of the same name bounds it on the north and and on the east, and the northern part of it is graced with the White Sulphur Springs. Pleasant Garden, Mountain Grove and Catawba Springs are all sought after with avidity by those seeking health and pleasure. White Sulphur Springs, especially, is the focus of attraction. Marylanders, Virginians, South Carolinians, all congregate there every year, and recreate themselves, and court the many smiles of the goddess of enjoyment.

Away west and north of Catawba, runs loweringly the Blue Ridge, onward through the counties of McDowell, Wa-

tauga, Ashe, and Surry, far up into the embattled, sacred land of Virginia. These counties are historic, and all have a revolutionary and ante-revolutionary fame which time will never efface from the heroic page of events. The first gave to North Carolina a soldier and a statesman without fear and without reproach. Spring Garden, already alluded to, is connected with his name,—the place of his birth, the bower of his dreams, the relic of his goodness and his greatness.—Through the next, Watauga, “the River of Islands” runs—an expression sufficiently romantic and suggestive of the loveliness of its unrivalled scenery. When, however, we take a retrospective look at the history of aboriginal times, there is one form, there is one hero, there is one man that stands before us mail clad with sinewy muscles—a giant of the forest, the pathfinder, the terror of the red men, the “Nick of the Woods”—Daniel Boone. His name is linked inseparably with “the dark and bloody ground of Kentucky.” But here he first drew the deadly rifle—here he first beheld his natural enemies—here he learned how to thwart their wicked designs. Lord Byron has done more to immortalize Boone than any of his countrymen have ever attempted in verse or in prose. Thus, in Don Juan, he says:—

“Of all men

Who passes for in life and death most lucky,
Of the great names which in our faces stare,
Is Daniel Boone, the back-woodsman of Kentucky,
Crime came not near him,—she is not the child of solitude.
Health shrank not from him, for
Her home is in the rarely trodden wild.”

At the right arm of Ashe, crookedly crosses the Appalachian chain, while the county itself bears the name of one who is styled “the Nestor of North Carolina.” In the last the traveler finds the Ararat of America, a lookout mountain in Surry, from which the Indians surveyed the surrounding country, and on which were kindled their beacons of warning and call. The country round is sufficiently interesting, and abounds in all that can give color to canvass and romance.

Leaving Wilmington en route to this region, we can pass

through the pretty town of Goldsboro', through the capital of the State—Raleigh—through Hillsboro', Greensboro', Lexington and Salisbury. All are places of notoriety. We can feast our fancy by the way on groves of poplar, forests of oak, on granite-looking shoals. Nearer Catawba we have the Warrior Mountains, of the county of Caldwell, extending their horns to the Brushy Mountain Gap north, and to the Lennville and Brindle Mountains west. Everywhere rests sublimity; everywhere is visible grandeur. No person has ever yet gone over that part of the State, or, indeed, to any western section, who is not struck with the prodigality of nature. The climate is pure, and every way favorable to longevity. It abounds in everything rich in the mineral kingdom, and the *cerealia* grow luxuriantly. No North Carolinian need ever go abroad for the purpose only of finding a pure atmosphere, and of invigorating his system by free, bracing mountain air. He need not leave his native State to seek a more comfortable sea-bathing coast than that which bounds his southern home. The people of Wilmington and its surroundings are more than blessed in having all this so near at hand. A few hour's ride will bring them to scenes of much variety, where in luxuriant joy they may indulge,—where the phthisical and the hypochondriacal can forget their blues, and cast off the expressionless gaze.

A few miles from this city, and over a road remarkable for the variety of its rural beauty on either side, and which constitutes one of the pleasantest equestrian rides we know, is located a spring, gushing up from nature's richest fount, amid sand of gold and silver. Trotting along Fourth street, crossing the bridge to "Texas," and onward till the last house of the western end is passed, we turn to the right, and kick up the dust until we are lost in the piney woods. Indeed, too much cannot be said in praise of this public way, and one which is yet destined to be more traveled by those seeking recreation on horse back and in carriages, than it is at present. On the bridge over Smith's Creek one evening at sunset, carried off into the region of the beautiful, we had to stop our shying "Neddie" and look on in wonderment at the lovely prospect that lay outstretched before us. A web

of matted plants ran down to the water's edge; large trees stood sentinel-like at stated intervals, and threw their shadow far into the sleeping stream; smaller ones overhung the banks, and behind these another column smaller still, as if phalanx seeming they would keep guard over the flanks of the rivulet. Many of them were draped in the drooping tyllindria, the Spanish moss, and the charming mistletoes stood around in much confusion. Beautiful climbers slyly crept aloft, and looked down from the lofty trees at you, whispering in the language of the rustling leaves, "would'nt you like to kiss me." The wild grape-vine ran about, and broom-sedge, and brush-wood grew in wildest profusion. In the centre of all this, there lazily flowed the creek, calmly, peaceably by, reflecting from its glassy surface

"All that painting can express."

Passing this we are led again to look on the right hand and on the left at a Flora, decked in all the wilkness of a forest mantle. We have read so much of the *holy wells*, both in England and Ireland, and the lanes to them crowded with pilgrims of every infirmity, that we thought, were those days of spells and carminatives in existence now, and in this land, many would be wending their way to the Chalybeate Springs neighboring to Wilmington. They would, after the manner of the ancients, erect temples at the very fountains, and invoke the god of physic—Esculapius. But the Spas of Europe, and the "Royal old wells" of Britain, and the superstitious practices of antiquity, must not lead us from the pure mineral waters that everywhere surround us. A pleasant ride, and a drink or two from "William's Spring," will make any one return to the city more invigorated, less dyspeptic, and with an appetite that will do justice to any supper. We need not wish for the Seltzerwater of Weisbaden, nor for the enchanted spa of the Black Forest, nor for any draught from Baden-Baden, if we but take the trouble to take plenty of exercise in the open air on horseback, and quaff some of the ferruginous liquid mentioned. We have plenty of Floridian springs here that will never die. They will enrich the blood, enhance the color of the cheeks, which

is ever the certificate of good looks. Exercise is everything to the individual. It is health, happiness, and wealth. It is in every body's reach. The poor require no money for its purchase. The rich can command it when they listed.

CHAPTER VII.

SOUND PARTY.—CHARITY HOSPITAL.

This exercise enlivens the whole system, and keeps it in a rejuvenated condition. If the rule was observed more fully, there would be less ailment and fewer complaints. Mercury would not be so indiscriminately used. Certainly nothing can be more pernicious than the *ad libitum* practice of carrying in one's pocket a roll of blue mass, and to cut off and swallow a bolus of it whenever a pain in the head, or a fancied hepatic torpidity gave trouble. It wastes the limbs, diminishes the appetite, impairs digestion, and gives to the skin an earthy paleness. The breath acquires in time "a characteristic fetor." But it will be said: "We have gone to the springs; we have climbed the mountains; we have risen as early as the morning lark, and like it have sipped in the pure air of the heavens, yet the fever we caught in the lowlands still clings to us, making our existence miserable." All very probable. And we say: run, and climb, and romp, until perspiration oozes out from every pore, and exorcise the poisoner of your systemic circulation. The banisher of your rest will be banished in return, and the language of Shakspeare will teach you that,

"Weariness

Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down-pillow hard."

This proper guardianship over one's actions will manifest itself in the end, and will be fraught with blessings untold. Lancisi has cautioned travelers against night marches through the Pontine marshes. We would also caution men of every

condition and class against self-prescribed mercurials, and against exposure to the cold dews of night. Miasma is like all evils. It lurks in the day time, generally speaking, and prowls about in the darkness, seeking whom it may devour.

Another place of much popularity with all classes, and very justly so, is the Sound. A Sound party to the Wilmingtonians conveys the greedy intelligence of "luxuriant joy and pleasure in excess." To close our labors, therefore, without paying our respects to this magic ground, would be not only the very height of impropriety and disrespect, but it would also create a void that over sensitive feelings might notice. I can do no better than describe an impersonal true styled southern trip, and a scene of festivity of which we individually partook, and which was given by a gentleman, than whom there is none more venerable, none more talented, none more respectable, and none more worthy the respect of every citizen of Wilmington.

It was last May, and the elacrity with which its first day was greeted by May Queens, and joyous youths, had not yet died away. The vernal hue of Spring was in its fullest tint. The showers of April had started from the sod the modest daisy, the fragrant dahlia, odoriferous fly-catchers. The beautiful magnolia, with its leaves of deepest green, and its pure white blossoms, emitted a delicious fragrance, most grateful to the sight, and to the sense of smell. The earth was revolving a bright sun in a bright sky to its meridian height and splendor. No dark speck was visible on the horizon. Nothing presaged an interruption to the outburst of genial good humor and fellow-feeling. Jocularitv was freely elicited, and in its hilarious indulgence the jolt and the jump along the plank road were forgotten. A rarer collection of high-toned gentlemen could not be found in this section of the State. Every one of them were thorough-bred representatives of the Old North State, save one. The latter represented the United States and its army. More honorably could this be done by no man. His country first, and himself afterwards. A reference to this will sound strangely in distant ears, as it has been so widely circulated that nobody lives here now but rebels and secessionists, copperheads and

traitors, and that everybody wearing the uniform of the government is shunned as if a leper. Let the flaunting lie be flung out on the breeze, and let it be wafted throughout the land. Strife, contention is past; harmony, unity is living, and it will, ere long, cast every blemish behind, and put on the symetry of another life. Leaving this matter to the inevitable result of time, we return to our seat in the rockaway. Onward we speed over a bottom land, and through some thickly arborets, and arboreous ravines. At last we think we hear the ocean's roar, and the thought is soon followed with a vision of the tempest-tossed spray; majestic looking oaks now gradually appear, and very soon a broad expansive lawn, and a manor adorn the picture. Its spacious piazza soon resounded to the tread of feet, and its many hammocks swung to and fro with occupants. Cigars and good old rye, cognac, and the best sauterne, and scuppernong elevated the temperature of our *bonhomie*. As far as the eye could scan, billow-rocked vessels rode wavingly along the deep. The sky was beginning to change. The wind had run to the east. In the creek below that rounded the foot of the domain, woolly-headed urchins were engaged in catching pig-fish. Our very worthy host had us all shortly summoned to an oyster lunch. I shall never forget the wide-spreading live oak beneath whose protecting shade a sumptuous feast was spread. It stretched forth enormous limbs in every direction, larger than ordinary trees. Its head towered on high. In its branches crows for ages might have built their nest and fledged their callow young. Generations must have, in their turn, sat around its base, and listened to the music of the mocking bird. Summer after summer have they perhaps danced innocent hours away; and roasted the fresh oyster, and eaten the pickle and the buttered cake. The latter did we with much gulosity. We thought of the patriarchal days gone by, and the many endearments which make Southerners cling to their Southern home, and to their penates; of the bloody strife that had but as yesterday swept, like a simoon of destruction, over their fair sunny land. Not one present, but two, who had not been a direct agent in the revolution, a combatant, a leader.

Satisfied at length of this festive scene, we roamed about, viewing this thing and that, until we reached the residence of a gentleman related to our generous entertainer. Here we were shown many things of interest, and a field laid out in nicely measured ridges of peanuts. Several monarchs of the forest were also pointed out, and their history given.—They sheltered many a whig from tory vengeance during the dark days of Tryon's tyranny and Martin's despotism.

Late in the evening we all sat down to dinner. The young suckling lay stretched upon an immense platter of silver. To describe the whole would require more language than at our present command. Thunder was muttering far off in the distance. It came rumbling along the skies. We started for Wilmington sooner than we would have, did the sun not hide itself behind impervious clouds. Hardly had we been on the road backwards when the storm burst forth in full fury.—Some of us got pretty well drenched. But pleasure never complains.

We are so glad to notice here, *en passant*, that the facile and fluent pens of the Messrs. Locals are presenting to the citizens the crying necessity of a Charity Hospital. That such an institution is not needed, is to assert that the city of Wilmington does not exist. That such a humane undertaking is not worthy the good people of this city, is to say that they are bereft of every emotion of pity; every tender christian feeling, and every quivering thrill of humanity. Oh, the poor, the afflicted, the outcast, the homeless, the friendless that can be saved under such a benign refuge! Every city in the land, second to a church, erects an asylum for the sick. The Knights of Malta and the Knights Templar worked for the poor. The daughters of Vincent de Paul worked, and work for the poor. They are ever around the sick man's couch, and at his dying bedside. The Redeemer *went about doing good*. He healed the sick, the halt and the blind. He counseled us to visit them, to tend them, to harbor them. Surely, a work which he has done, a command which he has given, ought to receive our every attention. He came to free man from the shackles of sin and death. He caused to shine on all the cheering rays of Christianity. He de-

scended from on high to deliver the needy when he crieth, the poor also, and him that hath no helper.

Woman, need we speak to you? You on whom society hangs; you whose power among men is omnipotent; in the twinkle of whose eye is all that is noble and delicate; in whose smiles beneficently beams charity; whose tongue can command the magic words of the Man-God: *Deal thy bread to the hungry; when thou seest the naked, cover him; and hide not thyself from thine own flesh.* We know that no appeal is ever made to woman in vain. Our noble women, and our many institutions of charity, in pushing forward the work of Christ, do more for the protection of our people, rich and poor, from the possibility of infectious diseases, than our best system of municipal regulations. Feed and shelter the poor of him who was slaughtered for us, like a sheep in the shambles, on that rugged, steep, and crimsoned slippery mount of Calvary, and you will give them that strength, possessing which they will be enabled to observe the necessary rule of cleanliness, and thereby elevate the tone of health in the community. Extend the hand of your generous protection to the miserable victims of poverty, to the impure dens and haunts of disease. Let opulence dispense liberally from his coffers, and the infirm poor will bless him, and treasure eternal will be garnered for him in Heaven.

In conclusion we would say, in the words of the dying Laplace—words fraught with wisdom that none can controvert—"The known is little, but the unknown is immense."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FUTURE PROSPECTS OF WILMINGTON.

Let us not be superficial. Let us deal with facts, present and prospective. Let us compare the past with what we may joyfully hope to find in the future. To do so it will be necessary to fling from us every trace of prejudice, every garb of coldness—put on or acquired. We must endeavor to

throw off this universal gloom that seems to darken the minds of men, and cause them to view the sad, and not the bright, side of the picture. The darkest hour is before the dawn, is a saying as true as it is trite. But is it true that our hour is dark? Away with this hankering after the flesh-pots of Egypt, things never to return. Let keen observance analyze the condition of affairs, and a fair induction be made. The logic of events will conclusively determine the right path, the true one to wholesome fellow-feeling, happiness and wealth.

It needs no prophetic eye to scan the future of our city, and view it all activity, all enterprise, all energy. Though its political horizon to many appears cloudy, and pregnant with storms about to burst with furious crash, toppling everything in ruin, we cannot for a moment admit why such—false in itself—should warp the action of men, and either slay altogether, or paralyze capital.

Our common country was begotten in rebellion and blood, and brought up in the throes of politics. They did not retard her progress to grandeur, glory and greatness. From the first giant oak of the forest felled by the immigrant to the existing state of civilization, we have noticed nothing but advancement in all that is refined and ennobling.

Should the people of this city and State suffer themselves to remain any longer in this somnambulent condition?—Rather arouse yourselves, grasp the great truths of the day, bury those corroding thoughts, those erroneous ideas of political dissension and strife, which tend to arrest our noble emulation, and thwart us in pushing onward to magnificent prosperity. To the winds with such misgivings. Give them—ye men of Wilmington, and of North Carolina—that contemptuous neglect, that merited oblivion, which will make bad men good, and good men better.

Wilmington is open to the great Atlantic, along the deep blue bosom of which is wafted to her safe and capacious haven richly laden vessels from England, the West India Isles, Canada, South America, and the United States.—Rushing into her from the Interior we have three different Rail Roads, bearing to her market for foreign and home

consumption, the rich produce of her most fruitful soil : namely ; Cotton, Rosin, Spirits Turpentine, Lumber, Pea Nuts, Sweet Potatoes, Corn, and among many other bounties of nature, the exquisite Scuppernong.

The exportation of most—if not all—of these in greater or lesser quantities, is a stimulus, nothing else considered, to entice capital, and men of enterprise and genius to seek the banks of the Cape Fear.

Capital is the grand reservoir, the great beating heart, of any and every community, and men of energy are those bounding pulsating arteries which carry everywhere joy and comfort. Wilmington possesses such a heart, and such arteries. Are they healthy? The men of much means—those prying, far seeing physicians of commerce—say, no; they are morbid. Why? Politicians are ruining the place. The country is on the eve of a terrible “revulsion.” To invest is not safe. The wheels of the government are clogged up with misgivings of an impending crisis. All this is simple twaddle. The meere tyro in the history of this Republic will apprehend the illogical assertions here deduced. The fact is, we allow politics and politicians to engross our mind, instead of plying it to business. Will immigration to Brazil, to Mexico, or to any of the Spanish settlements of South America, relieve us from this morbid feeling which so deleteriously prays on the vitals of our land? Ask history. Look at the fields of blood ; at the citizens driven into exile from their dismantled, their plundered homes and altars.—Does slavery live there? Yes ; but, sickly. A negro can readily procure his freedom, and then he is eligible to the highest office of the country. Who is the Emperor of Brazil.

Indeed, were we a native of the Sunny South, of the “Old North State ;” did we fight for a separate independency, and struggle with such an indomitable will, we would not now, in her hour of trial, be so base to abandon her, simply from the foolish reason that we think her in the hands of the Philistines. No ; by Jupiter, we would swear “with her to live, with her to die.” We would battle on forever to build her up, and make her “great, glorious and free.”

If slavery was the *root of all evil*, that root is fully and aw-

fully eradicated. Free labor will do for this State what it has done for the States of the great west. Agriculture will be pursued with more vigor. Land proprietors should invite immigration, and throw out safe and sufficient inducements. The extensive tracts of land now lying in their primeval rudeness will become, in time, dotted with hamlets and homesteads. The earth will be forced to disgorge its mineral riches, and the soil will yield in much abundance the valuable produce of fruitful nature.

To effect all this, we want *a sound mind in a sound body*.—We must have the panacean dew to soften the breasts of men, to promote a more kindly intercourse, and a proper appreciation of each other. We must destroy the “moss and lichen of neglect.”

We have read of men growing wiser by the follies of their ancestors. Let us see to this. Let us conceive and pursue a different method of studying the laws of nature. Fancy may depict imaginary wrongs, and portentous evils. But they should never be suffered to retard sound physical and mental progression.

Fortune will be with us, success attend all our undertakings, and a thriving business will secure, with the blessings of God, a cheerful, and peaceful, and prosperous future for Wilmington.

CHAPTER IX.

LAND DRAINAGE AND TOWN SEWERAGE.

If any sanitary regulation be worth the attention of “heads” of “bodies,” it is certainly that one which tends to radically drive from our midst disease and its cause. None stands more prominently before the people of Wilmington than the subject which we purpose to present graphically to the readers of this city.

It is an established fact, one of the few dogmas of the medical art, that paludal fever, in all its hideous shape and type,

is modified or aggravated by the lax or strict attention to this grand hygienic law.

The miasma which a marshy region and an imperfect drainage generates is almost the exclusive cause of every epidemic that assails the towns and cities of the Atlantic coast, of the Gulf, and of our great inland lakes, rivers and streams. Its attacks are made, so to speak, with the variegated hue of the kaleidoscope; now as intermittent and remittent, and again as diarrhoea, dysentery, bilious, cholera, congestive and yellow fevers. It is notorious that New Orleans, for three years subsequent to the rigid police enforced by General Butler, both of the [sewers and drains in and around the city was happily exempt, to a high degree, from most of the diseases above enumerated, and particular immunity of that terrible scourge—the yellow fever—was noticed.

The eastern shore of Maryland was formerly deemed very unhealthy, and though still the western Marylanders look over at it as an “ague district,” it has been shorn of its more malignant nature by means of art and science.

Not to confine ourselves to this age or country, we need but take a retrospect at history, ancient and modern. “Two hundred years ago,” writes Lord Macauley, “when the soil around London was neither drained or cultivated, and when the marshes of Cambridgeshire and Lincolnshire were covered with cranes, ague was a most fatal disease in England.” It may not be generally known, but it is true, that James I., and Oliver Cromwell, both died of this malady. At the present time, owing to the perfect drainage maintained, the English people enjoy a freedom from malaria that was hitherto unknown.

Look to Rome of the ancients. She sat crowned on her seven hills in all the loveliness, in all the panoply, that a generous and a brave population could command,—yet ravaging epidemics often chilled her brow, and sent to Hades many of her best and bravest. Her lofty walls could not keep them out. Down from the old Tarpeian, the Aventine, and the Palatine, rushed in torrents the rain of the season, and inundated her fair and rich valleys and plains. The waters became stagnant, and slowly evaporating infected the

air with malarial poison. The activity of the Romans did not permit this state of things to continue long. They liberally donated much of their wealth, time and labor in eradicating the supposed cause of this insalubrity. Conduits were constructed, and ramified subterraneously throughout the entire city; so numerous and so large indeed were they that Pliny describes them as—“*operum omnium dictu maximum suffosis montibus atque urbe pensili subterque navigata.*”—Hygiene did for Rome what her arms could never effect.—From disease she became healthy, robust and strong, and her people rejoiced that their money and labor were not foolishly thrown away; that they had rooted out and banished the evil. Lucius Tarquinius, bearing the cognomen of Priscus, among his many other kingly deeds, paid strict attention to the *cloacæ*, or common sewers. He built and repaired, in which noble enterprise he was followed by others down to the Cæsars. The warlike habits of the Romans, and their greediness for the conquest of *terra incognita* rendered them feared and hated by their enemies far and near. Their cruelty towards helpless slaves and prisoners was fast bringing down upon them a direful and just retribution. They enjoyed health, they gloried in the aggrandizement of lands, they forgot, in their elevation, that these were of earth, and earthy, that all, in the “twinkling of an eye,” could be lost. The warriors of the north marched to give them battle. And the Goths, led by their savage chiefs, invaded Rome, broke down the embankments of the Tiber, toppled the public buildings, the sewers became choked up, and the surrounding country was again made subject to fevers, from which it had been so long exempt.

Medical writers in every age, from Hippocrates down, have concluded that every country is more or less sickly, in proportion to its “marsh or undrained alluvial soil.” Rawlinson, in the *Journal of Society of Arts*, holds the following language: “Within the last half century, land draining and town sewerage have ripened into sciences. From rude beginnings, insignificant in extent, and often injurious in their effects in the first instance, they have become of the first importance. Land has, in many instances, doubled in value,

and town sewerage, with other social regulations, have not infrequently prolonged human life from five to fifty per cent., as compared with previous rates in the same district."

It is still a *veraxata questio* as to the time when fevers become most virulent. Practical observation has conclusively shown to hosts of able writers that it is when rain has fallen to a great extent, and when the "drying up" commences. To have this rain fall freely carried off, before any chance of its forming pools or ponds is given, is of vital importance, and ought to command the attention of those invested with the sanitary welfare of this community. The cry of "no money" is the prevailing excuse. Is it true? The taxes of the city are fabulous. Where do they go? The city is without a safe sidewalk, excepting such plots placed opposite private residences and stores. It is passing strange that a city like this, receiving taxes on so many saw mills, cannot afford to lay down neat and inexpensive boarded sidewalks. We noticed during the past Spring and the present Summer that much labor has been consumed on poor paving and sand shovelling, the rains quickly undo the work, and the same process is again begun. Cannot a wiser policy than this be hatched by our city fathers. Is the public funds all expended on this "child's play," and in paying the salaries of the officers and police force? Wisdom we think is here wanting. Well directed efforts will procure funds, and banish from amongst us the annual cause of so much sickness.

The environs of Wilmington are anything but agreeable. To the North and Northwest; to the South and Southeast, are both temporary and permanent bodies of water, stagnant pools and ponds of considerable surface. The dams of the creek North of the city have been broken down, and the country around has become very insalubrious from the stagnant plains of water, and the decomposing vegetable matter. Attention turned in the right way could easily remedy this, and Burnt Mill creek, flowing by the brick yard could be made the primary deposit of drains as it finds an entrance to Smith's creek, and the latter into the Northwest branch of the Cape Fear. Turning around to the Southeastern section we notice at the head of Orange street, and in two or three

places in the vicinity of the Marine hospital several ponds of water formed by the recent rains. The region behind the hospital is quite marshy. The cause of some of these dykes may be justly attributed to the throwing up of the "last ditches" of the war. Drains could be made so as to carry off the rain falls to Green Pond which is in communication with the river. Green's Plantation, before and during the first years of the rebellion, was drained and cultivated. That part of it skirting the river was well ditched in, and the tidal flow was thus kept from inundating. General Whiting had the sluices raised and the embankment torn down to permit the ingress of water. He also made Green Pond communicate with Green's Plantation, thereby converting the latter into a bog covered with a deep sheet of water. His reason, we are told, was to prevent the "yankees" from approaching the city in that quarter. We can hardly credit this as the General was too sound an Engineer to believe any such stuff, and knew the yankee character too well, to believe for a moment that either fire or water could impede their progress.

When this plantation is again drained and under cultivation that neighborhood will have a purer atmosphere. We hope the day is not distant when this will be *chronicled*.

At one time in the history of this city there were five sewers in good condition. They were subterraneous streams that carried much nuisance to the river. Where are they? What is their condition now? Questions hardly answerable.—With one or two exceptions they are choked up, utterly useless. On second between Orange and Ann streets, one was recently repaired. It did good duty, and well repaid the city in giving outlet to a deep body of stagnant water.—Another in the neighborhood of "Dry Pond" received some attention. It crosses Front street some distance above Castle. In rear of the residence of Mr. O. G. PARSLEY, one had its origin wending its way to Dock street where it met with another coming from the vicinity of the present jail, and, together united they ran down Dock into the river. Near the "Brown House" is supposed to be the fifth. These latter have sunk into oblivion, whether they are or not necessary we are ignorant. If necessary it is certain that they

receive no attention. It seems to one's reason that a systematic sewerage is as needful to the purification of Wilmington as anything that can be suggested or adopted. Can they not be used for a purpose other than for carrying off the rain water? We think they can. What concerning the human and animal excreta? Are they to be left to be dried up, and to impregnate the air which we breathe with putrid inorganic matter? We have seen places—the "Parisian Houses"—where fecal matter lies two feet above ground.—No sewerage is near. No disinfectant can avail much. Such a state contributes a great deal to the aggravation of any and every epidemic that may make its appearance. The yellow fever of 1862, which carried away so many of the citizens, met something in this that enhanced its rapid propagation.

The best purifiers of our city is a well arranged system of sewerages and drains. See to it, city authorities. Better make small and "rude beginnings" than none; better spend the public funds *in parte* at this, than throwing it away exclusively in playing with sand.

CHAPTER X.

THE HILLS OF WILMINGTON.

Ex nihilo nihil fit.

To the North Carolinian, as it is with every son of any and every nationality, the departure from his low-land home, or from his native hills, must be accompanied with sighing regret equal to the prospective attainment of wealth and fame under another clime. He cannot, when distant and absent for years, but revert to

"— friends regretted, scenes forever dear,"
and dream away an evening in endeavoring

"To trace the hours which never can return."

We often relieve the mind from its busy train of business

thoughts in sending it backward to pick up from the bosom of the past each glittering drop of dewy joy ; and no drop is brighter, none sweeter to the pleasure of imagination and memory than that which reflects our baby-home, throned on a clear, slow flowing river, a jewel in the midst of fertile plains, interspersed with frowning mountains and beautiful valleys, splendid rivulets and placid, ambient lakes.

In all ages it has been the custom of people to build on high places, and the site for churches ever received the highest. It was on the mount of Sinai, in Arabia, near the head of the Red Sea, Moses received the law amid terrific peals of thunder, and other natural convulsions made by nature's God. It was on a mount that the Tempter showed to the Saviour of mankind the treasure and glory of the world, and offered him all, if he would but fall down and worship. Jerusalem was built on hills. Mount Sion was the "City of David," and Mount Aera was called "the Daughter of Sion." Wherever we search for instances in sacred or profane history we will find that hills and mountains are notorious for some of the most striking points in the annals of the world, from the resting of the Ark on Mount Ararat down to the present time.

Rome, more than two thousand six hundred and twenty years ago, was enthroned on seven hills. Such a lapse of ages has rendered them almost undiscoverable, so much have the plains and valleys been filled with vast quantities of dirt and *debris*. The hills are on both sides of the yellow Tiber. Those of Wilmington are on the east side of the Cape Fear. You must not conclude we intend a comparison. Though if Wilmington was as hoary with years as the Eternal City, and like it had received the patronage of the princes and the great persons of Christendom and Paganism, it would have arisen from the low lands with which it is surrounded, as did the other from its foggy and malarious marshes. The Capitoline is said to have been inhabited by Greeks long before Romulus traced, with two white cattle, a furrow round the Palatine, and slew his brother for disobeying the command in laughingly jumping the ditch. The Pincian mount, the Quirinal, the Aventine, the Cœlian hills, and Janiculum,

have all their histories, which would fully pay one's time to pick them out from the general mass. Many other mounts, as the Vatican, &c., are mentioned, all very interesting, and the Campusmartius, or the old Caprea, whence some silly folks thought Romulus was raised in a cloud and translated to banquet with the gods, but who was destroyed by the hands of a malcontent.

The old world has its beauty spots of nature, but the new has nature's last and richest touch. The Fishkill mountains, or the more euphonious aboriginal name of *Matteawa*, are studded with smiling hamlets and homesteads, and are unsurpassed by any of whatever notoriety. The majestic grandeur of the heath-covered hills of Scotland impressed the minds of their children about to emigrate to seek their counterpart in a foreign land. They viewed them with pride, and they had reason. When the sun chased the thick clouds of the morning's mist it shone in glittering splendor on the crag-built minarets, and the modest shrines that peered from out the mountain gorges. With such a vision before them, the Highlanders received a lasting lesson. It took them to the rolling country of the upper Cape Fear region, where Cross Creek crosses and makes music in its onward flow to the river through the town of Fayetteville. The people who founded Wilmington in 1739, were predominantly English, and loving the rosy soil of mother country, which lies south of Chevoit Hills, fixed upon the wave of highlands here to incorporate what was destined to be a flourishing commercial town, full of pleasant wholesome, cheer, and fanning "A spark of that immortal fire" which Allah gave to men, and which angels shared. Hills were then in reality.—They have left their names behind in tradition, and tradition is a traveller, and keeps pace with all time. It teaches that "which books can never teach, nor pedants show." Sometimes it gives strange names to stranger things, and blends fiction and truth in one common whole. A little of both is read with passing pleasure, and affords the critic dust for a dusty quill.

Constitutional Hill is supposed to be situated now in what may be justly considered a very unconstitutional place. A

little corner there, with an immense brick structure, contains big posters, which teach the young negro how to shoot the "new idea," and proposes to organize the Sunny Land of Dixie on the irrefragible, "irrepressible" platform of the "Reconstruction Bill." Near this mighty mansion, around which the "clouds" are forever bobbing, showing their shining ivories, and their glittering ebony faces, intermixed with streaks of a hickory color, is found that romantic mound, on which the sun is said to set, throwing over it his sheen, and inviting young men and maidens to congregate there, and enjoy the sweet, innocent sports of pastime. Passing one evening, just as old Sol was about dipping his adieu in the waters of the Cape Fear, we noticed many whose age was of that delightful turn that makes Cupid all smiles, and his quiver all full, frolicking on the green-capped heads of the various knolls. We envied them their general glee, for it recalled, in brightest vision, the memory of the past, when down the side of a pleasant daisy-bespangled vale we used to roll with sister then, and youthful friends; when the future we thought not of, knew not, saw not, for the present was cloudless, all sunshine, the merry, bright days of childhood. We rode by, wishing them a life of universal sun, with not a hill upon it to cast forth a shade of sorrow. We are not aware if vinegar is manufactured here, and we hardly know why a city land-mark should bear so sour an appellation. Is it because the people are morose along there and wear long faces, hidden away within advancing sun-bonnets? No, we think not. But as it runs along Orange street, we presume that that fruit was not as free from tart as it ought to have been. On the whole, Vinegar Hill is as free from the insipidated juice of the beech or pine as any of the others, and the residents thereof are what may be, without any tint of exaggeration, termed fit for "kingly chambers or imperial halls."

Piety is a dear word, and we have no doubt that Piety Hill is a dear Hill, and to make it so years have been consumed. Three churches make a triangle—St. James', St. Thomas', and the Presbyterian. Three roads on the same journey, beacons to the narrow path. Three different propounders of the Gospel of salvation, throwing a halo of learning and re-

ligion about that goodly hill, and all proclaim in pious homilies that the great end of man is to know the great truth

“Virtue alone is happiness below,”

and that when a man dies—

“His soul is gone, before his dust, to Heaven.”

We all love good society, and know it, and feel its presence, and its absence. We do not mean that which is thrown up when “the nation boils;” not that which men form working for a common cause, and thus make them, for the time being, companions; not that which makes one prefer a “shoddy,” simply because he is rich, and he has endeared himself to us for his unbounded liberality, his unlimited bursts of patriotism, and has gained the title of Captain, Colonel, or perhaps General. No; none of these. We mean Society Hill. A pretty place it must be. It is somewhere up Market street. It is presumed that, like in the coffee-houses of London, during the golden age of England, the literati met there and discussed the latest publication, the last written drama; lawyers met there to argue some State matter of importance, and coolly drink their toddy. Sewing societies, soiree societies, sound parties, and similar *omnium gatherum*. Do not think us facetious. What a blessed boon it is to have a happy home circle. Around the family hearth none can tell the joy there concentrated until he has tasted and lost it forever. The Society of the fireside ought to be always elevating; ought always be throwing out good example. Such should be Society Hill. Quality Hill reminds one of a tale called the “Newcomes,” wherein good nature is “stuck up,” and *bonhomme* is under the protectorship of a *bas bleu*. Genius is born there, and the lamp is ever lit, not wasted in fitful glares. The locality is an agreeable one, and splendid buildings are towering high there, surrounded with magnificent trees and shrubbery. If you are incredulous, just take a ramble along Front, from Chesnut, and make a circuit of a few squares. You will not proceed very far before you will be probably confronted with the odor of spices and smelling gums. You are approaching the little hill called Sugar Plumb.

We all love plumbs and sugar, especially when cherry lips lisp the words "hugar pums." You would perhaps feel as much like kissing the one as you would like eating the other. This would be considered charming. The Irish or Scotch would pronounce you a very "gallows" fellow. This is an awful hill to climb—the gallows hill. Everybody knows where it is, or used to be. It is too gloomy a spectacle to dwell upon, so to it we say farewell, *sic transit gloria mundi*. Farewell, then, ye Constitution; ye sunset, and ye vinegar; ye piety and society; ye quality and sugar plumb; and ye "gallows" hills.

Paradise Grove once stood on a round declivity overlooking the river. It has now lost all the fine shades, and is a bleak spot—it is paradise lost—not Milton's. Hither, in the halcyon days of their youth, the Wilmingtonians sought the cool breeze wafted along the river from the sea. They danced away bright happy hours, eat the philopena, and "eyes look'd love to eyes that spoke again."

Passing from this picture, we cross over to the city of the dead, and while we do so let us lay all dissipation behind, and begin in atonement for our past levity the *deprofundis*.—We have seen Greenwood, of Brooklyn, and the celebrated cemetery at Baltimore, and the exquisite one near St. Louis, Mo., but we have seen none that surpasses, in monumental grandeur, and simplicity and beauty of arrangement, the "Oakdale" of Wilmington. It is a "*monumentum aere perennius*" to the good taste and love for the sacred dead of the inhabitants.

The ancients selected recesses in the wooded heights to hide from sight the beloved departed. In a garden near the base of Calvary, Joseph of Arimathea prepared to rest the Messiah. The Catacombs of Thebes were in the gorges of wooded hills, planted with trees and flowers. We need but take an evening walk along the planks to Oakdale to behold a sight which pages from antiquity could be brought to glorify. Clumps of native trees and shrubs seclude those passed away, and the wavering, pure white cape jasmines stoop and rise, and rustle a requiem over their graves.

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WILMINGTON

IN

HEALTH AND DISEASE,

BY

J. B. PURCELL, M. D.

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